THE MORE THE MERRIER.

Containing:

Threescore and odde head-lesse *Epigrams, shot, (like the Fooles* bolt) amongst you, light where they will.

By H.P. *Gent.*

HORAT.

Non eadem est mens, non etas.

LONDON
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To the Worshipfull and my *worthiest friend* M.H.C. Esquire.

SIR I haue sent you heere to purge Melancholy the gentlest receit I could deuise, out of the great heape, a few *Epigrams*, neither, I thinke, ouer luscious for obscenitie, or too ranke for their bitternes: the time when to take them, the Poet *Martial* prescribeth, where sending abroad his booke, he saith:

Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas:
Hæc hora est tua, tum furit Lyæus
Dum regnat rosa, dum madent capilli:
Tum me vel rigidi legant Catones.

At which times honest mirth seldom or neuer comes out of season: & to say truth, it is held sometime for best Physicke. Concerning vnlauorie lewdnesse (wihch many of our *Epigrammatists* so

much affect) I haue eſteemed it fitter for Pick-hatch, then Powles-Churchyard. As for Satyrick inueighing at any mans priuate perſon, (a kind of writing which of late ſeemes to haue beene very familiar among our Poets and Players to their coſt) my reader is to ſeeke it elſe-where. I am of *Will Sommers* mind, I will neuer draw my dagger, till I be ſtricken: and if I chance to vnſheath it, they need not feare me, ſince it is likely to prooue but a woodden one. Sir I ſhall I am ſure not want for cenſuring, yea the ſeuereſt that may be. Some graue Diuine will doubt of my ſoundnes in religion, the polititian that I meddle with the ſtate, the Lawyer that I inueigh at him, Ladies and Gentlewomen, that I taxe onely their pride and vanitie, but to theſe, and whoſoeuer elſe that ſhall vniuſtly cenſure me, laying my hand on my hart, I anſwere: *Hic murus aheneus eſto*: ſhoote as long as they will. Sir I take my leaue: from my lodging in Fetter-lane neere vnto Fleetſtreet, this 4. of Aprill.

Who as alwayes heretofore, ſo ſtill will be yours. H. P.

To the Reader.

Entlemen, I had thought I had alreadie taken my leaue of the presse; but like Tarleton, *I see once againe I must thrust my head out of doores to be laughed at, and venture a hissing amongst you. If my Peetrie bee distastfull vnto you, blame the vneuen subiect I am to worke vpon, which rather deserues the rough Plane, then the fine Pencill: wherin, though if any shal imagine that I aime any where at some particular parson, I wish him better acquainted with my disposition, who can aswel away to carry fire in my hand, as hate in my heart, knowing it to be an vncharitable humour; entertained with the baseſt and most degenerous minds, and this kind of libelling to be,* Nisi tenebrionis vindictam; *of all others the most ridiculous. For putting pen to paper in this kind, if thou beest truly ingenuous, thou wilt excuse me, when men of better iudgement then either thou, (as I imagine,) or my selfe haue taken paines herein, and haue thought it not vnworthie of them-*

ſelues: Huiuſmodi luſus grauioribus ſtudiis immiſcere: *as of late* Eraſmus, *learned ſir* Thomas Moore, Theodor Beza, *with infinite others. Some may moreouer (as my* Printer doth) *obiect vnto me,* Poetrie *in this kinde to be out of requeſt.* So *are fables, and why? Becauſe either of theſe kinds in their natures are ſo crabbed, and ſo full of inuention, that very few can attaine but to any indifferent perfection heerein; as your ſelues will confeſſe, if (imitating* Eſop) *you ſhall but make triall of a fable, or* Martial *in ſome acute Epigram. To be briefe, whatſoeuer I haue here done, I bequeath it to your cenſures, you cannot eſteeme lighter of this ſtuffe then I doe my ſelfe. If any thing herein ſhall delight you, I ſhall thinke ſome few idle houres well beſtowed; if ought miſlike you, reſerue I pray you but an indifferent opinion till you heare further of me: till when, I reſt yours.*

H. P.

Ad Muſas.

Pierian ſiſters, types of trueſt glorie,
That crowne iuſt labours with immortall fame,
I ſigh no loue, nor fame a legend ſtorie,
T'abuſe the ſacred honour of your name:
Nor theſe rude lines for fierce encounters frame:
In briefe the world of folly I vpbraid,
And cannot ſtand faire crew to crane your aide.

Though pardon this preſume, I humbly crane,
I am a man, ſo faultie muſt confeſſe:
I ſcorne you not, as did that pined ſlaue, Eriſtichon.
(Of ſtubborne will,) his Harueſt-Empereſſe,
Let any iudge, farre my offence is leſſe:
And but of manners, as a Schoole-boy dares,
Fall too ere waſht his hands, or ſaid his prayers.

EPIGRAMS.

Author de ſeipſo.

Epigram. 1.

I Loue my wit as *Martia* loues her ſonne,
That weepes as often as his hoſe goe downe;
I loue my wit as *Furius* loueth one
That wiſht himſelfe the lining to her gowne;
I loue my wit as *Bembus* loues his life,
In eightie eight, that faind himſelfe on ſhore,
I loue my wit as *Muncio* loues his wife,
Who lately got her carted for a whore.
Yet can my wit, to whom ſuch loues I gaue,
Call me kind-foole, Aſſe, coward, and a knaue.

Epigram. 2.

Ad Flauium.

LOoke *Flauius* how thou ſeeſt a Country Maior,
In ſleeues of red, and in a Fox-furd gowne,
In's Maieſtie ſit in a Wainſcot chaire,
To cenſure all, when Players are in towne:
So mounted on *Times* all-diſcerning ſtage,
I doe but note the follies of our age.

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Pampædem.

Epigram. 3

As well as moſt men *Pampedes* they ſay,
Thou ſingſt, canſt ſet, and on a Violl play,
Pourtract in Oile, and parle the languages,
Fence, daunce, diſcourſe of ſtates and policies:
Few would beleeue it, till I told them how,
Moſt men can none at all, no more canſt thou.

In Othonem.

Epigram. 4.

When *Fame* had heard how *Fortune* fauoured
Vainglorious *Otho*, Court and Artiſts ſcorne
Much at her blinded choice aſtonied,
To heauen ſhe fled, and left her trumpe forlorne,
Which *Otho* in's laſt voiage ſauing one,
A number thinke hath found vpon the ſhore,
And *Otho* (beſt about the Citie knowne)
Is *Fame* become ſince ſhee's her ſelfe no more,
For of his trauels he hath told more lies,
Then *Mandeuile* could for his heart deuiſe.

EPIGRAMS.

Epigram. 5.

A Iuſtice walking ore the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round began to cracke,
He ſaid to's man heere is ſome danger Iames,
I prethe helpe me ouer on thy backe.

Ad *Gellium*.

Epigram. 6.

G*Ellia* tis well thou wearſt a Mask ith' Sunne,
For ſhould thy painting thaw thou wert vndone.

In Galateam.

Epigram. 7.

FAire *Galatea* would haue had me faine,
Her portion ſmal, with thāks I would haue none,
Since growne an heire, I ſue as hard againe.
But now away with golden wings ſhee's flowne,
Yet wench I doubt not but a match twill proue,
We iumpe ſo neere together in our loue.

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Opimium.

Epigram .8.

THou libertie *Opimius* haſt with wealth,
But herewithall the Palſey, and Catarrhe,
With libertie I doe enioy my health,
Though cannot come where theſe ſame Angels are
A third is rich and neuer felt diſeaſe,
Who weares his life out vnder lockes and keyes,
Thus whileſt we wander here, we muſt confeſſe,
In all reſpects there's no true happineſſe.

Ad Clodium.

Epigram. 9.

WIſt once thou ſaiſt was worth the waight in gold
Though now't be common for a triſſle ſold:
It dearer ſeemes by thee, who getſt not any
When thou ſhouldſt vſe it, for thy loue or mony.

EPIGRAMS:

In Catharinam.

Epigram: 10.

TWo contraries cannot agree (they ſay)
Within one ſubiect, thus I proue they may:
Kate's a light wench, and yet her buttocks weight,
From th'Temple to the bank's a whirrey's traigh't.

In Primerum.

Epigram. 11

WEre I to picture Prodigalitie,
Some gallant-like *Primero* he ſhould be,
Who glories in vaine liberalitie,
And then beſt graced when his Angels flee.
As for a knife or ſtoole at ſitting downe,
Hee'le throw a page an Angell, or a Crowne,
Or if at play on's ſide the dice doe run,
Heele pay the boxe with more then he hath wun.
Hats, Iewels, feathers, S'uits, (Sfut) are but traſh,
or nothing out a thouſand crownes in caſh,
Thus Prime ſo long hath vide it with the beſt,
That in the Counter now he ſets his reſt.

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Grumnum.

Epigram .12

GRunnius in law, thy ſonne is entred farre,
For thrice I found him pleading at the barre.

In Soſibianum.

Epigram. 13.

I Doubt of whether old *Soſibian*
Loues beſt his Porteis, or an Alehouſe Can,
This euerie night he doth at's beds-hed lay,
The other's neuer from his noſe all day.

In uxorem Vellii.

Epigram. 14.

THe plat's gone in, and *Vellius* table ſpred,
At twelue a clocke, yet ſtill his wife's abed,
Nell ſayes ſhee's ſicke, *Anne* ſweares it is not ſo,
She ate her breakefaſt well foure houres ago.

Lucius

EPIGRAMS.

In Lucium.

Epigram. 15.

LVcius the lately knighted Farmers ſonne,
Is famous though no valiant act hath done,
Since in each noted place where ere I came,
I ſcored find in text great *Lucius name.*
On top of Poules tis in the ſlouens laſt,
At Buls ith' bottom of a Wine-pot plac't:
Ith' Counter-window grauen with a flint,
No common houſe of office but tis in't,
In *Hobſons* Waggon, and the Graueſend Barge,
Among the Lions character'd at large:
Though with a candle burn't is faireſt read,
In euery whoore-houſe ſeeling ore your head.

In Richardum.

Epigram. 16.

WHile ore the Ice in haſt ranne capring *Dicke*,
His heeles, his head ſeru'd but a ſlippery trick

EPIGRAMS.

In Seianum.

Epigram: 17.

I marry Sir, heers one hath fethered nest,
And hopes in time to be a Lord at least.
For rising though, in hast ye neede not doubt him,
Hee's heauy, and a hundred hang about him.

Ad meretrices.

Epigram, 18.

MY honest whoores, (for some there are they say)
Whether you gallants that to see a play,
Can Lady-like ride in your guilt caroches,
Or maried wiues that in your hired Coaches,
To Hackney or to Higate make a start,
To entertaine the loue of some sweet hart,
Though tell your husbands that ye are but gone
To meete the nurse or else to visit one,
Or blew-starch *Ioan* retird within the Spitle,
That will do reason for a very litle,
Or greasie pusle that carries kitching stuffe
For Groomes and Irish foote-boyes good enough,
Let me entreat you for this litle booke
Which some of you may haplie ouerlooke,
When for your sport and plesure ye haue worne it,
Wenches, amongst you that ye would not burne it.

In

In Marullum.

Epigram. 19.

MY Muse *Marullus* now seuerely blames,
Good houres mispending in light Epigrams,
Critick, her humor Ile for once excuse,
She does but as your Citie wiues doe vse,
About to entertaine a better ghest,
Sweepe Cobwebs downe, & get the chamber drest.

In Naupalum.

Epigram. 20.

VEllera diuendit Belgis, laudata Britannum,
Sed nugas referens, Naupalus, *inde domum.*
Vellere factus eques, volitat nouus alter Iason,
Vilescit (rides?) velleris ordo nimis.

Ad Gratiam.

Epigram. 21.

I Knew thee not (I cry thee mercie) *Grace,*
In thy French bodie, and thy English face.

EPIGRAM

In Padagogum quendam.

Epigram 21.

A countrey pedant sitting in the Sunne,
Amongst his boyes thus he examines one,
Your friendes may see that you haue something got,
What is, Poeta? quoth the boy, a pot,
Which ouer hearing as I passed by,
Vnto his Master turning back (quoth I)
Whats Latine for your Cand-sticke on the shelfe?
Why Sir (quoth he) that's Latine of it selfe.

In Alphonsum.

Epigram 22.

When all the rest of Schollership dispute,
why sits at Table young *Alphonso* mute,
Some argument may hap, his wit confounds,
Or's voice is lost with following his hounds.

Ad Pamphilum

EPIGRAM.

Ad Tamphilum.

Epigram 23.

TWiſe-fiue yeares *Ioue* with *Alcumena* lay,
Ere ſhee gat valiant *Hercules* they ſay:
So after, now fullten yeares labour paſt,
Tha'st got I heare a chopping boy at laſt.

Fœneratoris Epitaphium.

Epigram 24.

TEn in the hundred lies vnder this ſtone,
And a hundred to ten but toth' *Diuel* he's gone.

In Cyclum.

Epigram. 25.

Cyclus the Souldier, and *Ciuiſian*,
The Pandar, painter and Muſitian,
Saw nothing was be gotten by the artes,
By wit, by fortune, friendſhippe or deſertes,
Hath now a late turnd foole and gotten more
Then he could doe with all his witte before.

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Fuluium.

Epigram, 26.

FVlnius I dream't I ſaw thee in thy ſhirt,
with porters, bedles, milke-wiues flocking roũd
At nether end of Cheape, tied to to a Cart:
whereat me thought I did with laughter ſwound.
A foole I was to thinke ſuch thing of thee,
more foole to credit though mine Idle braine:
Moſt foole of all to leaue my bed to ſee,
at ten of clocke when't pour'd downe with raine:
Yet could not folly but meere ſlacknes blame,
For thou wert whipt indeede before I came.

In Tarquinium.

Epigram 27.

TArquinius ſweares that he had rather ſterue,
Then any liuing (God confound him) ſerue,
We will beleeue him without further ſtrife,
Since yet he nere ſeru'd God in all his life.

Ad Bar.

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Barbaram.

Epigram 28

Since thou art honord for thy vertues parts,
And feature which *Apelles* cannot blame:
For modeſt carriage, and thy loue of artes,
(Sweet maid) why haſt thou *Barbara* thy name.

Ad pontem Londinenſem.

Epigram 29.

Conſtancie in the froſt, faire bridge of London,
Was a virtue in thee, elſe had we been vndone.

Ad Vulturnum.

Epigram 30

I read thy booke *Vulturne* thou didſt giue mee,
Twiſe ouer, walking vnder Arden wood,
Which hauing throughly perûſ'd, beleeue me,
Saue thy Epiſtle ther was nothing good.
I ſmild, and thy inuention did compare
T'a doubler of ſome Bankrout that ſhin'd
before with Veluet, or with Satten faire
and all the backe of Buckeram behind.

EPIGRAMS.

In Annam.

Epigram 31

ANna proteſtes ſhe neuer kiſt but once,
Or euer for a huſband car'd but once,
She neuer falſified her word but once,
Or fell out with her deareſt friend but once,
Or euer tooke a Cup too much but once,
Or plaid at Cardes all Sermond while but once,
Il'e adde once more vnto her ONELY ſtile,
She neuer lied but once, that's all this while.

In Hanſium.

Epigram 32

HAnſ who to builde a dozen townes is able,
Hath puld down one & made the chuch a ſtable
His ſheepe are ſhorne, aud there his gelding's dreſt,
His horſe or he which is the holieſt.

Ad Marcel-

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Marcellum.

Epigram 33

1 Wouldſt thou *Marcellus* lead a bleſſed life?
I euer lou'd thee, be aduiſde by mee:
At home thy children, and thy vertuous wife,
Heereafter thinke thy happieſt company.

2 Thy daily Gueſts thy Neighbors, honeſt men:
Who may auaile thee for thy thrift, or ſport:
And ſtand a man in more ſtead now and then,
Then many a veluet Ierkin at the Court.

3 Thy fare good beefe, and mutton of thine owne
which cheapeſt thou ſhalt find Sweet'ſt in taſt,
And ſee no Art be on thy Table ſhowne,
Or for thy glory, make a needeleſſe waſte.

Sine arte mensa Martial.

4 For exerciſe, do neuer thinke it ſhame,
To prune thy Trees, or ſee thy Garden dreſt:
Great Emperours haue exerciſde the ſame,
And thought their liues herein the happieſt.

Diocletian Carolus.

What

5 What pleaſure more, *Marcellus*, can theere bee?
Then in thy Garden to behold in *May*,
How manie flowers, what variety
Are while thou ſlept'ſt, ſhot forth ſince yeſterday.

6 In Crimſon veluet th' *Amaranthus*, heere,
Vnto the *Roſe*, doth vaunt his prouder red,:
A ſilly white, doth on that banke appeare,
And on thoſe *Pinckes* are twenty purples ſpred.

7 Looke how we oft in parchment books do find,
Each letter limm'd with rareſt excellence,
So heere thou haſt inſtruction of the mind,
And painted lectures of Gods prouidence.

8 The *Camomill*, ſhall teach thee patience,
Which thriueth beſt, when trodden moſt vpon:
The *Marigold*, to Prince obedience,
That ſetts, and riſes, daily with the Sunne.

9 The *Collombine* doth ſhew humilitie,
Bending the more, the more that ſhee hath got:
The *Gilliflower*, the fruite of libertie,
Which often dies, impriſoned in the Pot.

10 The woodbine ſhewes the flatterers nature right,
Cloſe climbing till he hath thee ouergone:
The Lilly tels thee in her virgin-white,
Shees fairer clad then royall *Solomon*.

11 The Roſemary gainſt Melancholy good,
And there's the ſoueraigne holy-Thiſtle ſet:
With Hylas flower the beſt to ſtanch the blood,
The curing Balme, and cordiall violet.

12 Lord wou would liue within the Citie pent
Immured like a fiſh within a Well,
Where thou canſt ſee the goodly firmament,
In ſome blind lane the ſpace of ſcarce an ell?

13 I find the Citie to confound my ſenſes
With loathed ſmels, with aire too thicke & muddy:
Where this or that ſtill drawes me to expenſes,
And Cartes, and Coaches hinder me from ſtudy.

14 And leaue thoſe places where thou haſt no place
Where cares vaine hopes and foule expences clog thee:
And where when gotten into higheſt grace,
Foule enuies tie at euerie turne will dog thee.

Epigram 34.

WHo would not ſweare the Towne that gaue me birth
Her *Genius* had infuſde of harmles mirth,
Where firſt deuiſed were at idle times,
Sir Thomas Moores, old *Heywoods*, and my rimes.

In Hylactorem.

Epigram 35.

Hylactor and his dog ſo well agree,
That ſince he ſcornes all other companie,
With dirtie feete he layes him on his bed,
Feedes him with milke, the Cur will eat no bread,
Giues him his trencher, and his lips to licke,
and makes his man attend him being ſicke.
Thus in their loue they are ſo linckt to either,
That much I feare thei'le both be hangd together.

EPIGRAMS:

In Catullum.

Epigram 36.

NO honeſter ſhe was then ſhe ſhould be,
I told *Catulla* in my merry vaine,
Wherewith the wench grew in a rage with me,
Yet thus I ſought to make amends again:
And ſaid, ſhee much more honeſtie did need,
But this replie too broad did vex her more,
Too honeſt then I ſaid ſhe was indeede,
And then ſhe ſweares by craft I call her whoore.

In Seuerum.

Epigram 37.

SEuerus hauing ouer-look't my rimes,
With rugged brow, and cought a dozen times,
This fellow, ſaith, hath ſure a prettie wit,
Great pitie thus he hath imployed it,

Ad *Memmium.*

Epigram. 38.

MEmmius, I aske thee what ſhould aile thy gate,
Thou treadſt ſo gingerly vpon the ſtones;
What art thou bruiſd, or haſt thou fought alate,
Or doſt but counterfait it for the nonce?
Thou begſt (thou ſaiſt) for ith Spittle in a ſcoffe,
Faith, there thou hadſt thy maime tis like enough.

In Flauiam.

Epigram. 39.

FLauia reſembles painted white and red,
Vpon ſome ſigne, the Mercers maiden-hed.

Ad *Quindenum Iuridicum.*

Epigram. 40.

ASoften as my Tinderboxe I ſee,
ſo oft *Quindeno* muſt I thinke on thee:
Thy Clients fall together by the eares,
Like ſteele and flint, and each the other weares.

VVhileſt

Whileſt vnderneath thou like the wily Foxe,
Purſeſt their golden ſparkes within thy boxe,
And art by Torch-light vſherd thorow towne,
While (fooles) ith darke they ſtumble vp & down.

Author ad crumenam.

Epigram. 41.

WHat cheare ſince come to town I aske my purſe,
Like one new purgd, it anſwers, neuer worſe.

Ad Quindinum lure dicum.

Epigram. 42:

THough *Furius* no skill of learning can,
We heare hees proou'd a vertuous Gentleman:
He will do *Iuſtice*, filling his carrouſe,
His *Valour's* knowne in euery baudie houſe,
His *Temperance* is when his purſe is light,
To faſt in Poules from morning vnto night,
His *Prudence* when he hath ſome ſiluer got
To ſuffer no man elſe to pay the ſhot:
It is his *Patience* to put vp the lie,
And ſcorne to fight, his *Magnanimitie.*

EPIGRAMS.

Author de ſeipſo.

Epigram 43.

THis head of mine with ſundry humors fraught,
To ſpatious Poules I haue reſembled oft,
Wherein, the Quier, for my ſoules ſaluation,
At morne and euen, I make my Meditation,
My Muſicke takes another place, hard by,
Next painting, guilding and my Imagerie:
Compriz'd a great deale though in narower roomes,
Then either th' Organes, or thoſe ſtately tombes,
Deſcending downe a world of *Fancies* walke,
Of traffique theſe, of warre the other talke:
Others diſcourſing of the Siluer mine
And ſome deuiſing where were beſt to dine,
And as we ſee their preaſing out of doores, (whoores,
Knights, Schollers, Courtiers, Porters, Rogues, and
So ſuch a throng four e times accrew together,
In co mming forth that one doe hinder either,
And neuer will I feare be voided quite,
Till Death the Sexten locks out all at night.

EPIGRAMS:

Ad I. C. ſcriptor Epigrammata.

Epigram 43.

SEe that thou nothing write in priuate hate,
Or which may touch Religion, or the ſtate,
Vſe honeſt tearmes, and loath lewd bawdry,
Well maiſt thou thriue, then, with thy Poeſie.

Epigram 44.

WHy ſhould our Poeſies *Ariſtarchus* blame?
Beſt wits haue wrote, and euer lou'd the ſame.

Ad Ariſtarchum.

Epigram 45.

BE not agreeued my humorous lines affoord
Of looſer language heere and there a word,
Who vndertakes to ſweepe a common ſincke,
I cannot blame him, though his beſome ſtincke.

Octauius

In Octauium.

Epigram. 46.

Octauius lying at the point of death,
His gelding kindly did to me bequeath;
I wanted one, and was in haſte to ride.
In better time he neuer could haue dide,

In Doſſum.

Epigram. 47.

Doſſe riding forth the wind was verie big,
And ſtrained curt'ſie with his Periwig:
Leauing his ſconce behind ſo void of haire,
As *Æſops* Crow might breake her Oiſter there:
Foole he to thinke his haire could tarry faſt,
VVhen *Boreas* tares vp forreſts with his blaſt.

EPIGRAMS.

In Puncerum.

Epigram. 48

AT table firſt is lighty R*uncer* plac't,
And commonly hee riſeth with the laſt:
Of what you will yea were it Treaſon talke,
Hee cannot heare you while hischaps doe walke,
Which like a querne, can grind more in an houre,
Then would ſuffice, I am ſure halfe a ſcore:
Now ſince this Sharke is waxen well in yeares,
And on his pate behind no haire appeares,
Saue (right before) one little lock doth fall,
I call him TIME that doe's deuoure all.

Ad Saſſibelum.

Epigram. 49.

THy mind a Kingdome were more rich thē Spain.
Couldſt thou but ſome good counſell entertaine.

EPIGRAMS.

In 7. peccata mortalia.

Epigram. 50.

THe deadly ſinnes by *Ioue* adiudg'd to die,
Of death deſird they might their fortunes try,
By way of Lot and each his owne diſeaſe,
Might draw, to ende his miſerrable daies:
Death was content, and out of darkenes fet,
With nimble ſpeed, an Hebene Cabinet,
With puppies carued curiouſly about,
And heere and there a skull embоſſed out,
Whereinin order lay diſeaſes ſtore,
Some knowne to all, ſome neuer heard before,
Which being opened he bad all agree,
Who ſhould the formoſt draw his deſtinie,
Couetouſnes being rich, and loath to die,
Could not intend, but willed Lecherie,
Hee Sloth entreated for to take the paine,
Who looked vp and laide him downe againe,
Pride ſware ſhe ſcorn'd it, yet did *Enuy* pray,
Who ſtraight agreed, to make the reſt away,
Hate breathing *Enuie* a conſumption choſe,
Couetouſnes palſey, with the gout in's toes,
Pride fell a rauing ſtrangely by and by,
And brake her glaſſe ſelne in a Lunacie,

Sloth

Sloth gotten vp at laſt with much adoe,
The loathed *Pthiriaſis* and *Scruney* drew,
Gluttony tooke al the ſurſets in the boxe,
Wrath Quartaine Feuers, Letchery the Poxe.

Ad Tuſſerum.

Epigram. 51.

Tuſſer they tell me when thou wert a liue,
Thou teaching thrift thy ſelfe couldſt neuer thriue
So like the whetſtone many men are woont,
To ſharpen others when them ſelues are blunt.

De ſua Muſa.

Epigram. 52.

LOoke how a countrey wench new Lady-fi'de,
That married hath ſome wealthy Sire or heire,
On Cock-horſe mounted doth a gallop ride,
And at her old acquaintance lookes a leere,
And ſince begins aloft to domineere,
Scorning her neighbours, countrey, and her kin,
And eke the paile that ſhe had milked in:

So my proud *Muſe* preſented to the world
A duanc'd on time, and vſher'd foorth by fame,
Away her tatter'd beggery hath hur'ld:
And loathes her weedes before that did her ſhame,
Scorning to tell her fathers homely name,
And anie leaſt her Sunne burn'd face ſhould know,
I blame her not though ſhe doth maſked goe

Ad Naſonem.

Epigram. 53

THy noſe is leſſe, then any mans aliue,
If one lookes endwayes, as in perſpectiue.

In Mincam.

Epigram: 54.

FIne *Minca* liſping yea, and no forſooth,
Though little eates yet keepes a dainty tooth,
Minca that longes for apples on the tree,
In May, before the bloſſomes fallen be,
Or will not eate a Kentiſh cherry downe,
But for a couple when ſhee paies a crowne,
And cares not for a Strawbery or Peare
In truth becauſe, th' are common euery where,
Yet what is that, which may be had for reaſon,
And neuer comes to *Minca* out of ſeaſon?

Epigram

Epigram. 55

A *Dane*, a *Spaniard*, a *Polonian*,
Myſelfe a *Suiſſe* with an *Hungarian*,
At Supper met diſcourſed each with other,
Dranke, laught, yet none that vnderſtood another.

Ad Flaminium.

Epigram, 56.

T'is true thou writ'ſt, not long the beſt things ſtay
And fineſt wits do in their bloome decay:
I feare not thee, for heereby it appeares,
Thy date is longer then old *Neſtors* yeares.

Ad Albium.

Epigram, 57.

Nere canſt thou dy whoſe thoughts to heauē aſpire
And ſtudie is to triumphe ouer time. (clime

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Bacchum.

Epigram 58.

SAy *Bacchus* what doſt thou in Brittaine heere,
Thy ſelfe intruding with our Ale and Beere?
This worketh with as ſtrong an Energie,
As the beſt grape of Greece or Italy,
It makes the Ruffian ſwagger with his hoſt,
And pay his ſcore with othes vpon the poſt,
A Pettifogger plead by fire ſide,
Where lies the caſe, and how it may be tride,
A Tailor but with's ſhoppe doore key and tongs,
Makes muſicke to an hundred baudy ſongs,
A Cobler weepe, and in his kindnes ſweare,
None liuing but thy ſonne ſhall be his heire,
It makes a Tinker vnderneath the boord,
Of Engliſh vtter nere a ready word,
Old Clodius venture on a common whoore,
And god of drunkards what canſt thou doe more,

Epigram. 59.

MY wither fruite yeeldes like the Orenge tree
Som bloom'd, ſome green, ſome ripe ſom rotte be

Ad Aac-

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Academiam Duacenſem.
Epigram. 60.

DOway ill neighbour to our Britany,
Nurſe of vice, treaſon and impietie,
Some yonglings either ere they well can ſee,
Thou ſendeſt *Derick* for the butchery,
Others like calues vnweaned ſuck ſo long,
They bite with teeth when cannot vſe their tong.

In Album.
Epigram 61

SIr make ſhift *Albio*, with ſixe men or more,
Suted in Satten, with a goodly chaine:
A wooing came to *Lelia*, married to her,
Sent honeſtly next day all home againe.

Ad Muſam.
Epigram. 62.

MY dying Muſe doth like a taper waſt,
Tread out her ſnuffe, and then the worſt is paſt.

FINIS.